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THE following epistle was written after some reflections on the ingratitude which the Partisans of Administration, after the resignation of Mr. Pitt shewed, both in their discourses and in their writings, towards that great Minister; by whose disinterested and manly spirit, and wisdom, this nation had been recovered, from a state of the most abject pusillanimity, to the character of a brave and a great people. The Author, at different times, has made considerable additions to it; some of which the intelligent Reader will discern by allusions to later events. And it was his intention, upon a revival of the whole, to have made a few alterations, with notes of illustration, before he submitted it to the public eye. But, death having taken from among us, the extraordinary person who is it's principal subject, the author, engaged in other affairs, yet desirous to make an early offering to the memory of so great a man, ventures to present it in this form, rather than delay the publication, in hope of hours of leisure which he may never obtain.

That there should be some people of respectable character who draw a less pleasing picture of this illustrious person, is not a matter of wonder, when it is considered how much men's views are influ-

enced by their interests, their prejudices, and their connexions. But although, being a man, he could not but be liable to the frailties inseparable from human nature, and consequently liable to err; and though the author pretends not to approve all his political opinions; particularly some of those on which was grounded the last advice he gave his country concerning her colonies; yet the great line he took as a minister; his contempt of money, and of the little arts of narrow minds; his wisdom, his courage; his unshaken integrity; and the continued series of heroic actions performed during the whole period of his administration, which were the effects of that public spirit, which his animated counsels and example encouraged and produced; not only more than justify all that the author has said in his praise; but must ever render him an object of veneration to all men; of imitation to future ministers, endowed with abilities and grandeur of sentiment, adequate to the pursuit of the same sublime path of public virtue; and of admiration to future ages.

LONDON,

MAY 13th, 1778.

T H E

PATRIOT MINISTER.

ACCCEPT my friend, versed in the muses flights,
Of Athens and of Rome refined delights,
Accept the humbler offering which I bring,
And listen while of modern times I sing.

From those sad plains returned where long has raged
The war by Austria's powerful mistress waged;
The gallant Sydney hailed his native shore,
Rejoiced to see the seat of war no more.
Charmed by heroic deeds, he late had fought
The realms where Frederick with glory fought;

B

He

He who, if justice shall direct his aim,
 Shall shine distinguished in the rolls of fame.
 There he beheld the barbarous Russian band,
 And all the desolation of the land.
 But now the view of cultivated fields
 And cheerful swains, a double pleasure yields;
 Yet brings to mind the miserable fate,
 Of those afflicted men he mourned of late.

Hail happy land! he cries---engaged in war,
 Thou only hear'st it's rumours from afar;
 Thy sons, thy blooming daughters little know
 The scenes of deep distress and lasting woe,
 Where Russian hands and raging flames destroy
 The rural dwellings and the harvest's joy;
 Where villages and towns with wild affright,
 Terror by day, and dire alarms by night,
 The swift approach of hostile forces hear;
 Wide spreading ruin, wider, anxious fear:

Or * where, O worst of fates! a savage crew,
 With bloody butcheries, their prey pursue;
 And drunk with wine and lust and brutal rage,
 Dead to compassion, to the voice of age,
 Regardless of the tender Infant's fears,
 The Virgin's and the Matron's suppliant tears,
 The agonies of parents, husbands, friends——
 But those dread scenes I would forget---curfed fiends!——
 Oft have I prayed that heaven its bolts would cast
 And in their mad career the miscreants blast.

And now to great Augusta's towers he came,
 Augusta feat of freedom, great in fame,
 There blessed with fortune to indulge each thought,
 Knowledge, with pleasure unreprieved, he fought.

A place

* This alludes to the inhuman actions of the Russian troops in the march of
 Brandenburg.

A place there is, designed by pious * Boyle,
 To improve the fruit of philosophic toil,
 The cause of each phenomenon to find
 In the great works of the Almighty mind;
 By just experiment—that ample field
 Which Bacon's universal soul revealed;
 On which great Newton raised his wondrous plan,
 And made God's wisdom better known to man.
 Thither went Sydney, sedulous to hear
 Whate'er was worthy his attentive ear,
 The learned conferences o'er—he joined
 A solemn group to deep discourse inclined;
 Hoping from these, fair truth, and solid sense,
 From fordid interest free, and vain pretence.
 But saw that learning might adorn the mind,
 Where moral worth we wish in vain to find;

That

* One of the first Members, and a great Patron of the Royal Society.

That men on scientific ground may go,
 Yet the best human science never know;
 Assume of great philosophers the name,
 Themselves of true philosophy the shame,
 Mere trifling pedants, or mere doting fools,
 Of vice the slaves, of ministers the tools.
 And now of war, of government they prate,
 And black detraction fills the wild debate;
 Against their country's friend their clamours rise — }
 Sydney regards them with indignant eyes, }
 And, scorning base ingratitude, replies. }

Why all this slander, why these clamours raised,
 Against the man ye late as loudly praised?
 And great in foreign nations still his name,
 Retriever of his country's ancient fame.
 Was it to aggrandize himself he fought?
 Was not his country's glory all his thought?

C

Did

Did he to serve his kindred or his friend,
 Or to maintain his power, our wealth expend?
 Was bloodshed his delight? was war his end?
 No——his designs were to establish peace,
 And cause the miseries of war to cease;
 For Albion's wrongs, atonement to procure,
 And her internal happiness secure.
 Where shall we find that nobly daring soul,
 Like his by nature formed for high controul;
 Dreading no labour, fearless though he fall,
 The first to practise what he asks of all?
 A public spirit through all ranks diffuse,
 Inspiring union, scorn of selfish views,
 And noble emulation to excell,
 Each, in his proper sphere, in acting well:
 Oeconomy through all the state induce,
 Suppress each fraud, and villainous abuse;
 And, while he gave to liberty the rein,
 All mad licentious outrages restrain;

Safe from oppression, that the poor might live,
 And industry her full reward receive;
 That no complaint might in our streets be known,
 No fears the cot, no tumults reach the throne;
 The people multiply; their commerce spread
 Wide o'er the globe; fair science lift her head;
 And every art to nourish or adorn
 The human life, be to perfection borne.
 These are thy blessings, peace, where wisdom guides,
 And heaven-born virtue o'er the realm presides!
 On such designs resolved — On every shore
 Gaul trembling heard the British thunders roar;
 Throughout the world he struck effectual blows,
 Giving no respite to perfidious foes;
 *And aimed ambitious Bourbon's house to crush——
 Is this the man you blame? blush, Britons blush.

* "Let us crush the whole house of Bourbon" Mr. Pitt's speech in Council in the debate on the Spanish war.

Here, O my friend, inspired by Sydney's strain,
 Let ME attempt the praise of wisdom's reign;
 And quit a while the current of my lay,
 The farther good she causes, to display.

In those blest times when wisdom is enthroned,
 Virtue, however low her state, is owned;
 Then worthy men, from reason though they rove,
 May hold for truth, whate'er their minds approve;
 And, from established modes though differing wide,
 May serve their God as whim or conscience guide;
 Speak, or in humble waiting still be mute;
 Or loud, with brawling eloquence, dispute;
 Yet be protected from the bigot's rage,
 From high-church priests who wrest the sacred page,
 To gratify their avarice or pride,
 And under ancient names usurped dominion hide;
 Or, strangers to the christian temper, raise
 Accursed persecution's hellish blaze;

Thirsting

Thirsting for blood, the blood of glorious men
 Who for our noblest rights employ the pen,
 Who long enthroned error dare decry,
 Though holy craft, with damning creeds enforce the lye.

How great the glory of the true * Divine,
 In whom the hero and the christian join;
 Whose warmest zeal to goodness but impels,
 In whom example with persuasion dwells;
 Who faithful to his charge, and kind as wife,
 To lead to real good, with ardour tries;
 And leaving monkish jargon to the schools,
 And zeal for mystery to knaves and fools,
 Fixes that good upon eternal ground,
 Where only lasting happiness is found;

D

On

* If the reader would gain some idea of this sublime character, let him compare Epictetus on the character of the true Cynick, in Arrian's discourses, with Saint Paul's two epistles to Timothy.

On principles his heavenly master taught,
 Inspiring purity of life and thought;
 An ardent love to God and love to man;
 On actions formed upon this noble plan;
 On resignation to the will divine;
 A temper where the generous virtues shine.
 The mind when thus adorned, in heaven is known
 A guest for Godlike natures like it's own.

Wisdom the source of every useful plan,
 Great attribute of God, descends to man;
 Ever consults the welfare of the whole,
 And is of every public good the soul.
 Whene'er she rules, each place of trust is filled
 By men in knowledge of their duty skilled;
 Whose upright minds, scorning each crooked way,
 Honours eternal dictates still obey.
 No wicked policy, no harlot's tale,
 To save the murderer can then prevail.

The

The friendless widow and the orphan then,
 Safely protected from designing men,
 By justice, rising from her awful bed
 And her fure vengeance on the guilty head,
 Will fear no fraud, no little tricks of law,
 No legal rapine, no intended flaw:
 Each tyrant of the person or the mind,
 Though to the images of reason blind,
 Will dread detection: and though loth, forbear
 His rapine, and the face of mercy wear.
 The mercenary advocate, in vain,
 (Though bribed with half a * 's accursed gain,)
 Will truth with falsehood, right with wrong confound,
 Or seek the fame of modest worth to wound.
 Curst be the slave, the mean the venal slave,
 Who flanders truth, and vindicates the knave;
 Who basely silent when the oppressed call,
 For wealth or power can impudently bawl.

The

The plunderer of India will no more
 Find an asylum on this happy shore;
 Pursued——exposed——forced to disgorge his store,
 Will seek in vain to hide his guilty head;
 Will seek in vain for peace for ever fled.

Drawn by a pleasing, manly tone of voice,
 Which marked sincerity, (his generous choice)
 Experienced Russell had the circle joined,
 As Sydney first disclosed his generous mind.
 Sworn to no party, his discerning soul,
 In every cause unbiassed, saw the whole;
 Condemned the base, approved the honest part
 And thus he spoke the language of his heart.

While Pitt's great spirit raised the sinking state,
 The venal tribes in secret mourned their fate.
 His post resigned——With joy they issue forth,
 By slander to destroy his matchless worth.

With them——a fervile, yet aspiring race,
 A mongrel group of gapers after place,
 Dependents, upstarts, instruments of state,
 And mean time servers once reputed great ;
 Joined by a fickle, weak, misguided, croud,
 And all whom envy stings---now rail aloud.
 Vain their attempt——for with his envied name,
 To latest times descends his splendid fame.
 His story future worthies shall inspire
 With emulation of his patriot fire ;
 Him their great model ablest statesmen own ;
 And from his conduct truths like these be known.

To rule requires not cunning, subtle parts,
 Nor treachery, nor tricks, nor little arts :
 True wisdom in her means, as in her views,
 The plain, direct, and honest path pursues ;
 And nobly courts, from mean imposture free,
 The impartial verdict of posterity.

The man whose breast no fordid passion knows,
 Whose generous heart with public virtue glows;
 Who while dejection spreads through every way,
 When factions rend, when tyranny bears
 Or foreign foes invade, with ardour longs,
 To save his country, and revenge her wrongs;
 (A warmth not raised by fondness partial, blind,
 But large affection for the human kind;)

Whose love of glory aids the native force
 Of public virtue, glory's proper source;
 Of upright, penetrating, active mind,
 With knowledge, vigilance, and spirit joined;
 Is formed to govern well, and bless mankind.

Such, replied Sydney, may our princes trust,
 Alike to kings, and to their subjects just.
 Shame on the wretch, if such a wretch there be,
 Who does but wish his country were not free.

Perdition

Perdition seize him, if, (whate'er his views,)
 He dares his sovereign's confidence abuse,
 Poisoning his youthful mind, in evil hour,
 With the dire fever for despotic power ;
 Yet prompts his tongue to boast a Briton's name——
 O may he never glory in his shame——
 A real Briton glories to be free,
 He loves, reveres, he worships liberty ;
 Glories to spread her influence benign
 Wide as the sun's all-cheering beauties shine ;
 To raise on high her throne in every land,
 And wrest the sceptre from the tyrant's hand ;
 That millions of our race o'er all the earth,
 May hail the hour that gave to freedom birth ;
 That broke, auspicious, every galling chain,
 And poured the blessings of her equal reign.
 On freedom's basis fixed, may Britain's throne
 Secure remain in Brunswick's house alone.

'Twas freedom raised this house to regal state,
 'Tis she must render it for ever great.
 Should sacred truths like these be once unknown,
 Sunk are it's glories; faded it's renown.
 But long may they be known, and known may guide
 To everlasting fame it's virtuous pride;
 And long the favoured line of Brunswick reign
 The envied rights of Britons to maintain;
 Through ages crowned with that deserved praise,
 Which to superior worth a grateful people pays.

Not able to endure truth's powerful ray,
 The group of slanderers now crept away:
 The worthier two, with cheerfulness and ease,
 Remained discoursing, confident to please;
 For where truth's radiant beams inspire the soul,
 And where her animated periods roll,
 The kindred spirits their relation own,
 And seem no strangers though before unknown.

Thus,

Thus, O my friend, if well thy soul I know,
 If in thy bosom genuine virtue glow,
 That spirit which inspires each generous mind,
 And scorns the man to mental greatness blind;
 The wretch who for the sake of vanity,
 Wealth, pleasure, grandeur——ceases to be free;
 The worshipper, the abject tool of power,
 Who sinks from real greatness every hour:
 Then Russell's gratitude will warm thy breast,
 And Pitt's unrivalled merit be confessed;
 And ardent zeal excite to just applause
 Of Sydney's fire in freedom's glorious cause.

T H E E N D.

Thus, O my friend, if well thy soul I know,

It in the bosom glows with virtuous glow,

That light which shines each generous mind,

And lights the mind's moral powers blind;

The worth who for the sake of virtue

Wishes, pleases, guards, and strives to preserve,

The worshipper, the object, tool of power,

Who for the sake of virtue

Then finds the graces which warm the soul,

And find the virtues which make the soul

And find the virtues which make the soul

Of the virtues which make the soul

F. B. D.

